



Criminal Acts



22 0 2

Chapter 1 by Brok Tompson

Nicholas awoke in darkness. Pitch black.

As he tried to move, all the sensation slammed into his body at once. He could feel the rough rope rubbing against his wrists and ankles, binding him to a cold metal chair. The freezing steel of the seat was harshened by the lack of Nicholas's clothes, and the unforgiving concrete that his feet rested on.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

[Submit draft](#)

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

